

THE EDMONTON FREE PRESS

A Journal of Protest and Conviction

VOL. I. No. 15

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30th, 1912.

PRICE 5 CENTS

THE FRONT PAGE

As Seen Through The Lookingglass

The Hare, The Tortoise and?

DESPITE Bill Smith's "tip" of last week that the Municipal Hornet, our one and only Joe, had come home prepared to be polite and relinquish any pretensions to the Mayorality Chair, at a meeting held on Wednesday evening last, in the Snowflake Laundry Hall, (how appropriate!) Joe was induced by an overwhelming number of his admirers to announce himself as a candidate.

I went up to the Meeting myself, that is, I went as far as the ground-floor door. There I heard that there was a great deal of smoke above-stairs, and that ladies were conspicuous by their absence.

Arguing that if the hall was filled with smoke at that early hour, it was liable to reek of fire and brimstone before the meeting was over, I remained below and listened to the hand.

The mass meeting must have "mashed" very early in the game, because, though I was on the ground at 8.15, very few attempted to mount the stairs, or make any effort to put in an appearance, after that hour. And the hand played on—and the people on the street—passed on.

However—Mr. Clarke was formally nominated, accepted, with the usual evidence of "deep emotion," so that, unless there is some other game for their sleeve, we are to have a three-cornered race for the Chief Magistracy's Chair after all.

NOW we have, most unfortunately, Mr. Short called away by the death of his father down East, which will probably add another new complexion to the fight.

The circumstance of a candidate's absence in the midst of so little a contest, even though his supporters rally to his standard, and make a personal effort to put up a good case for him, strikes me as tremendously dangerous.

The public fancy is so fickle.

So much of it rests on such intangible factors as the thing called personal magnetism, a candidate's being "en rapport" with his audience, playing the popular hero, being ready at a moment's notice to nail a lie, to turn a quip.

Unfortunately too, Mr. Short started in rather later than his opponents to place his views before the public.

His first regular meeting was a little out of the way for the masses, being held on the South Side. And lastly, both of his opponents in the contest, are infinitely better players to the gallery than Mr. Short could ever aspire to be.

The main points of Mr. Short's platform are his former record as Mayor, his personal success as a business man, the interest he has shown in public questions and the welfare of the city, and his recognized ability to deal with the problems that may confront it, in a sane, logical, and business-like manner.

He will be a "safe" man to entrust with the reins of civic government.

No one ever doubted but that he would control the level-headed vote of the community.

But level-heads do not as a rule abound, in a city composed principally of young men.

Youth acts at careful method.

It grows impatient of the more round-about but safer way.

It wants things done in a hurry, with a flourish of trumpets.

It loves a gambler's chance.

Mr. Short's strength lies in the fact that his return touched a question of the people's pockets. Things are at such a pass in Edmonton, and so many people have property interests here, that a man of moderate, sane views in the Mayorality Chair is a matter of prime necessity.

Mr. Magrath, on the other hand, stands for a more spectacular program.

"Let her rip," is his slogan.

"Hurrah boys, we're off," is another favorite battle-cry.

He appeals to the people's imagination.

He would spend money prodigally. He wouldn't be hampered by a Board of Commissioners.

His policy would be to give the city her head and make the chances.

In some ways, after some of our experiences of the short-sightedness of the city's party, notably the manner in which it has dealt with the Power and Water questions, the prospect is an inviting one.

We want so many things.

The Gods
IF Joe Clarke nothing remains to be said but what the people already know. He is a hot-head of the hot-heads. If you believe his friends, he is a rattling fine fellow, generous to a fault, shrewd, wonderfully energetic, and a great favorite with the East End. He has never veiled his socialistic tendencies. His favorite pose is as "the people's friend."

He is a born fighter. Peace nauseates him. He is an old-time graduate in machine politics. He excels as a mob orator.

But are these qualifications that fit him to be Mayor of a City like Edmonton?

When calm counsels should prevail, where would little Joe, the Hornet, be leading us?

At a Council Board, with the Albernem in "coat-of-arm" attitude, how could we look to this Siden, to cast oil on the troubled waters?

Wouldn't it be a Free West Show never off the boards?

When can we afford to lose the services of Mr.

district. Who had done this thing? everybody was asking. "Clap, name, Smith"—they were told. "Some bit of a doctor."

He's been mostly doing things ever since, though I imagine he doesn't concern himself much with party politics nowadays.

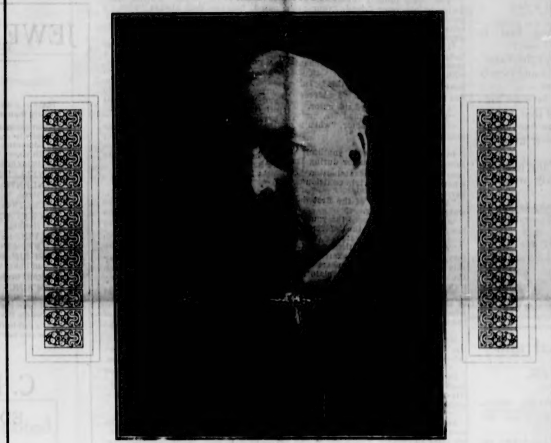
On the Council Board he could do yeomanlike service I should imagine, particularly in being able to speak with authority on questions involving the health of the city.

I wouldn't be afraid to lay a good-sized wager, that the Albernem Smith of this name, at no very future date.

OL.D. Gustave May can have my vote too. He's been mistaken at times, but he's been an active, thoughtful member at the Council Board, and has promulgated some excellent ideas.

I believe he has taken more real interest in the city's welfare than most, and that profiting by the few mistakes, and his experience of last year, he could be a very valuable representative this year.

WILLIAM SHORT



Mayorality Candidate for 1913

Johnny Brown even to have him tarred and feathered?

And wouldn't heheadings every other day in time grow wearisome?

You know Joe was born about a hundred and twenty years ago.

As a lesser Roespierrhe he might have gone down history.

He isn't cruel enough for a Marat, and I'm afraid I've an old corner in my regard for him, because as Joe Adair put it—"I love a man who has his coat half off all the time in his fight against (what he even supposes) are the enemies of the people."

THEY say the features by which an Albernem can be judged most accurately, are his eyes and his nose.

Some Aldermen As Seen By Us

AND speaking of Aldermen, both prospective and actual, I must say that I admire the way Dr. Harry Smith set about his campaign.

In a plain statement of facts he has told us what he stands for. What he thinks are the City's most crying needs.

It wasn't any of his supporters either, so it needs no accompanying chain of salt to digest it.

He had settled at that time, I think, in a little place down the river, seemed a quiet sort of a chap, so no one paid much attention to him.

Up until his coming, the village had always returned a heavy Crib majority in the elections.

Not much use colliding it the Big Fellows argued, so they left it to do its usual duty.

But Dr. Smith hadn't so much trust in a political Providence. He believed in work, and the next returns found the Crib gasping, and a big Conservative majority chalked up for the Tories in that

for the people.

IWOULD like to see Mr. Joe Adair run as Albernem.

He is a rattling fine stump speaker. Behind a merry, care-free exterior, he has, as those who know him best acknowledge, any amount of ability has been a wide reader and student of municipal and social problems, possesses a ready wit, a biting tongue, and a pair of observant eyes that I think he would use for the City's good.

If he would let party politics alone, and would concern himself only with those of a municipal nature, I know of no man who could, and he would render Edmonton better service in the Council.

Municipal Politics As They Can Be Made

IT is a popular belief that civic questions are at most beneath the notice of Statesmen and big political leaders of a country. But Germany, Germany who has done so much for the advancement of the world, along scientific, educational, social and all other lines, once more demonstrates her title to leadership in shaking this popular fallacy.

It is true that Germany's ablest statesmen are abandoning the barren field of Imperial and State politics for the useful sphere of municipal work.

Bernard Dernburg, the former Colonial Secretary, was the first; and now comes Herr Werth, the "ablest Finance Minister the Empire ever had," who has allowed himself to be elected Ober-Bürgermeister of Berlin.

The shifting of time brings in its revenges. In the old days able men were promoted out of municipal work into high politics. Miquel, the great Prussian Finance Minister, was Ober-Bürgermeister of Frankfurt-on-Main before he was Minister; and Dr. Lentze, the present Prussian Finance Minister, was formerly Bürgermeister of Magdeburg.

The high-flying German bureaucrats have hitherto tended to look down on municipal work. The Bürgermeister of Berlin was regarded as an official whose function it is to stand hatched under the Brandenburg Gate when Royalties visit the city; and, until King Edward set the example in 1909, they seldom condescended to pay a return visit to the Rathaus.

Now things have changed; and a Minister who becomes a Bürgermeister is congratulated upon his promotion.

BERNHART Dernburg is now chief of a Propaganda Committee with the humble object of educating the people of Berlin in municipal work. Dernburg has the brilliant

Colonial Secretary who, as was said, "first made Germany's colonies realities to the German people," and by his impetuous agitation won for Prince Bismarck the great electoral victory of February, 1907. The Propaganda Committee is a private organization created in connection with the new Constitution of Great Berlin. In 1911 the Prussian Diet passed a law which united Berlin and its independent suburbs into an administrative unit for specified aims. For local administration the suburban boroughs remained independent, but three matters—communications, town-planning, and the provision of a belt of fields and forests—are administered by a Central Council, to which all the constituent boroughs send representatives. This new Great Berlin has a population of 1,000,000.

Dernburg has set to work vigorously, as the following shows:

In order to touch the heart and conscience of citizens to social evils, the Dernburg Committee posted up everywhere a placard showing a miserable child carrying an equally miserable infant. The energetic Police-President, Herr Jagow, who has prohibited everything from Socialist processions to ladies' hats, had the poster removed on the ground of a Prussian law of 1869 against "incitement." The Committee retaliated effectively. They took one of the frivolous posters advertising night amusements, which the police never objected to, and printed it in their publications side by side with the prohibited drawing. Underneath the frivolous poster is again printed with a new inscription: "Great Berlin, the Finest City in the World. Hurrah!"

At present the German municipal administration is flourishing as at no time before.

Everywhere new and bold experiments are being made. Some municipalities are trading as shopkeepers; others have their own farms; others are engaged in schemes of Unemployment Insurance; others have taken the initiative to give free technical advice to people who want to build their own houses; others push their savings banks with such zeal that they send their own messengers to houses to remove the week's savings. There is no corresponding activity in the Reichstag or in the Prussian or other State Diets.

IF every city would set to work as Berlin has, if Edmonton would, its most gifted sons-willing to lend a shoulder, every man, woman and child of us ready to do our part, think what a city we could make of this beautiful Edmonton of ours.

I, too, once drew a picture of a boy seated on a high rocky prominence overlooking a valley. The lad had his knees drawn up, circled by his arms, his head tilted forward, and on his face the look, oh such a look, of one who saw visions and dreamed dreams.

It was entitled, "The Valley Called To Him."

It is years—since the picture appeared. I have seen no copy of it since, but I know if you and I, and Albernem and Mayorality candidates, if our party representatives, if each of us, but little print before our eyes it would make better men and women of all of us. For it would carry our vision beyond the little, petty, mean tricks and traps, that make of us the narrow, self-centered creatures we are, into that wider, freer atmosphere, where the best in us is realized. Where giving, not taking away, is the ideal. Where issues not personalities count.

The Valley called to Cecil Rhodes.

It calls to all great scientists and statesmen; To the better Self of each of us.

It calls for sacrifice. The greatest good for the greatest number.

As we respond to it, it seems to me, will the Great Registrar reckon our duty and our life's work well done. And if

"Life is but a holding Lent to do a mighty labor,"

then it seems as if we might better set about it early.

In that case the Magraths, and Shorts, and Joe Clarkes, and each and every of us, would talk less of graft, and what we had done, and what we intended to do, and start in to do it.

So long as we are the issues, not the work to be done, so long will we have politics, party and municipal, on the low plane they are today.

The Christening of the South Side Thoroughfares.

IT seems to me that the thoroughly-to-do-over a very trivial affair, in the matter of the re-naming of the streets on the South Side, for the purposes of expediting a proper postal delivery service.

The City Engineer's suggestion that the streets and numbering be changed, looks like the only sensible suggestion that could be adopted, if confusion with the thoroughfares on this side is to be avoided.

Personally, though I recognize its sensibility, I have always disliked the plan adopted of numbering the streets on this side.

Names are so old and uninteresting, beside the prettier and more picturesque names that flourish in the cities and villages over the Pond, and on the Continent.

Pomander Walk, Pell Mell, Lincoln's Inn Fields; dozens come to mind provoking interest and sentiment.

But 10th St., 21st St., any of the numbered high ways, who do their names convey?

However to the strangers and Posties, to delivery boys, and friens, they are a tremendous convenience, and in a city spread out as Edmonton is, with a river between and cut up into dozens of parts by ravines and other natural divisions, some method is going to mean the avoidance of very considerable confusion in the days to come.

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The spirit of Christmas seems already in the air. Although everyone busy, there is no diminution in the gaiety that has reigned for the past few weeks, if anything there is more doing, and in prospect.

Mrs. Lane's party on Friday night last, in honor of her guest, Miss Francis Watson, was one of the jolliest instances of a very jolly season. The party motored out to the Herring Coopers' ranch, two miles the other side of the city, where in one of the finest houses in the Province, with huge log fires to add cheeriness to the scene, and with spacious rooms to dance in, they waited away the hours until the hands of the clock pointed to early morning.

The guests furnished their own music, and about sixty enjoyed the brisk spin out, and the morning gaily.

The dining room is a spacious one in the basement, all refurnished and done in soft blues and whites, and here the tasteful supper was served.

Mrs. Melville Cardell, one Miss Dorothy Somerville, will receive for the first time since her marriage at her home on the South Side, 149 11th Ave. N.E., on Tuesday next, and afterwards on the third Tuesday of the month.

Mrs. Howard Ritchie will receive for the first time since her marriage on Wednesday next, at her apartment in the Irene Lemarchand Building, Suite 11.

Mrs. W. J. McManis will receive for the first time since coming to Edmonton on Monday next, Dec. 2nd, at her home, 1001 10th Ave. N.W., in honor of her guests, Mrs. Frank Smith and Mrs. W. D. Ferrie.

Mrs. Gladys Carroll is giving a girls' tea this Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. and Mr. W. E. Lines have issued cards of invitation to a dance in honor of their daughter, Miss Helen Lines, Nov. 25th, in honor of Miss Helen Lines, of London, Eng.

Miss Lines, who has been a popular figure since this summer, is returning on Saturday morning on her return voyage home.

A committee are out to get names for a probable Blazing Club this winter. The Women's Club have held their first meeting of the season, elected their officers, and are looking forward to a good winter's sport.

On Tuesday afternoon "Gleece" was the scene of a charming kiddie party, forty "beauty" boys and girls providing the pretty music for a treat, in honor of the sixth birthday of the daughter of the house, Kathleen.

There were shoals of presents, and lovely things to eat and the children enjoyed themselves immensely.

I hear of another huge children's party on the 14th, where three smart young matrons are inviting about eighty of their friends' babies to a monstrous Christmas tree in the separate School Hall.

I was very sorry, owing to other previous engagements, to have to miss the first dance of the new season, the Neptune Club, which took place on Friday last, and was a great success.

I heard that everything was very festive, and that Turner's Orchestra furnished splendid music.

I am always sorry to hear of a concert being held in a church. Somehow, no ever seems to do themselves quite justice in such surroundings.

The multitudinous distinctions of this week again conspired to keep me away from another much-anticipated treat, Miss Eva Mylott's Recital in the First Baptist Church, under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., on Tuesday evening. However, a friend used my tickets, kindly sent me by those in charge, and gave me the benefit of her criticisms of it.

She said that Miss Mylott sang superbly, even better than when she charmed us at her first appearance here with Kubeles.

"The City of Rachel" was rendered masterfully, while "Mon Coeur Pourra Te Va" by Saint-Saens, was beautifully interpreted, but my critic thinks all artists in arranging their programmes, would do well to study those recently rendered by other artists in the city.

Miss Mylott has a splendid quality of voice, but to follow a Schumann Heiko, practically number for number, is to invite the most severe comparisons.

And again, my friend tells me the audience was—ad to relate—as usual in Edmonton, a cold one.

Miss Hilda Allen, the accompanist, can play, but she shouldn't accompany. In "Mourning Song," a species of rag concert, that sort that brings in sympathy, etc., I understand her voice and method of rendering it, brought the audience to her feet.

The Recital was under the patronage of His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Bulmer.

Mrs. N. D. Beck was one of the busiest of Tuesday's hostesses, giving a luncheon, a bridge and a tea, all on the one day in honor of Madame Martin of Vancouver, B. C., the charming and wholly delightful mother of Miss Milton Martin.

All over the pretty rooms lovely carvings tell their touch of beauty and grace. At the luncheon they centred the artistically laid table, crimson and white ones, and also formed the attractive place-cards.

Mrs. Beck received in a smart frock of black and white striped with some soft lace at the throat, forming a most elegant and very black satin button.

Miss Teely wore graceful black marquisette.

Madame Martin was a picture in dull, heavy corded black silk, with some beautiful jet ornaments, Madame Martin was two miles in a navy tailored house dress with exquisite baby frill garments, and a small French hat in black and white, contrast with a long, white capey on the brim, and Miss Marjorie Beck, who came to help at the tea hour, wore a modish frock of soft delft blue silk, with lace

and certain colored garments.

The luncheon guests were Madame Martin, Madame Milton Martin, Mrs. King, Mrs. Percy Barnes, Mrs. Wallace Macdonald, Mrs. Rhodes, Madame Cauchon, Madame Cote, Mrs. Jack O'Neill, Bridges and Mrs. Hyndman, Mr. Later about eight tables dropped in for bridge, Mrs. Halmer-Watt and Miss Poirson carrying off the attractive prizes, a silver deposit perfume bottle, and a red morocco visiting list.

About five o'clock all others came in for a cup of tea and a chat. Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Jack O'Neill, Mrs. Frank Smith, and Mrs. W. D. Ferrie doing the honors, while Miss Landry, looking very smart and pretty, assisted.

The players included:

Madame Martin, Miss Teely, Madame Cote, Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Howard Douglas, Mrs. Metcalfe, Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Halmer-Watt, Miss Poirson, Madame Milton Martin, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, Madame Thibaudin, Mrs. Kerr (Edmonton House), Miss Garvey, Mrs. Calderon, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Ferrie, Mrs. J. O'Neill, Mrs. Hays, Mrs. Kenneth Macdonald and Mrs. A. W. Poirson.

Mrs. Kinnaird was a luncheon hostess of Tuesday, the guests being Mrs. D. J. McCulloch, Mrs. Herring Coopers, Mrs. Herring, Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. J. H. Herring, Mrs. Lane, and Mrs. Bob Robertson.

Madame Cote invited a few friends in for a cup of tea around her cherry stove fire on Wednesday afternoon, to meet Madame Martin, Mrs. Milton Martin, the corner of Twenty-first and Athabasca, and afterwards on the third Monday of the month.

Madame Cote looked attractive in some soft black and white striped material, with lovely hair and a dashing little bow at the throat.

Madame Martin was strikingly fine in black and among those who dropped in for tea and a chat, I saw: Mrs. Beck, Miss Teely, Mrs. Hyndman, Mr. Mrs. Muir, Mrs. Madame Milton Martin, Mrs. Jack O'Neill, Mrs. Cauchon, and Miss Cauchon.

In the artistic dining room I caught a glimpse of a table with a great show of golden mums.

Mrs. Macdonald is entertaining at the tea hour this Friday afternoon.

Miss Florence Sutter was a Wednesday Five O'clock hostess.

Mrs. Robert Watson of Portage la Prairie, and Mrs. H. H. Watson, of Miss Alice Watson, of Melville, Sask., will arrive on Wednesday evening, the guests of Mrs. Andrew Dickson.

The Christ Church Bazaar held in the old Curling Club on Wednesday and Thursday of this week, has been the talk and admiration of everyone who has attended it. In our next issue I hope to tell you what wonders the ladies responsible for it accomplished.

Next week the Daughters of Mercy are also holding a Bazaar at Miss Eleanor Taylor's to raise funds for their children's ward. The two sections members have already raised over \$1000 for this laudable object, and they started out "to lend a hand," and display of Christmas gifts will be easily matched up. The dates if I remember, are Dec. 14th and 15th, and doubt the daily papers will announce it later.

Mrs. Manuel and her gifted daughter have prepared some exquisite hand-painted china, and models in clay, bas-reliefs, etc., etc., suitable for Christmas remembrances, and have them on display at their interesting studio at 114 11th street.

Mrs. Manuel is an artist, and works out her own original motifs for china decoration, employing the flowers and plants and insect life peculiar to Alberta, for most of her conceptions.

Mrs. Wm. Weddell entertained at a delightful bridge of three tables on Saturday night, in honor of Miss Frank Watson, of Portage la Prairie.

Mrs. W. D. Ferrie and Mr. Mac Donnell made the prize scores, the former receiving a box of mace cranberry-mums, the latter a silver paper knife.

The guests included Dr. and Mrs. Ferrie, Mr. and Mrs. Lane, Miss Watson, Miss Bradley, Miss Alley, Miss Barnes, Dr. Mills, Messrs. Dawson, Barnes and Holliday.

The huge bridge dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Emery to their shoals of friends in the Blue Moon on Friday evening last, drew thirty tables of enthusiastic bridge-ers to this charmingly decorated rendezvous, where quantities of mums and tiles of the valley, with pretty story and legends, and this well known tea-shop into a delightful reception room for the occasion.

Mrs. Emery looked charming in an elaborate toilette of rose satin, veiled in some lovely black lace effect. At her head was a magnificent necklace of old paste and rose topazes.

Mrs. McKenry, an ever-welcome visitor to love, and Mrs. Emery's guest, wore rich black, and Miss Heasle McKenry, shimmering white satin.

The young sons of the house were most attentive in their attentions to the guests, while Mr. Emery's quiet, but delightful hospitality to his friends is too well known to require comment.

Madame Martin, of Vancouver, and her son, Miss Martin, both raffish fine bridge players, captured the honors, while Miss Thompson and Mr. Kenneth Macdonald, were crowned with humorous booby aspirins.

A jolly dance, with Turner's Orchestra furnishing the inspiring music, brought the delightful evening to a close. It was a party notable for the large representation of the "Flowers present." Today they and the "Comers" are the closest and the best of friends.

"And now for an enjoyable evening with this novel"



Without leaving the warmth and comfort of your home, you can enjoy the company of the world's greatest novelists. You can meet them in their prime—when their powers were at their best. They will delight you with what few, large and romance—ad tales, glad tales—and the very best of each.

Grosset & Dunlap have gotten together a list of more than 400 novels that represent the best in fiction. They comprise the works of such popular authors as Robert W. Chambers, Harold MacGrath, George Barr McCutcheon, Meredith Nicholson and William De Morgan. They are books that were formerly "best sellers" and originally published at a much higher price.

Here are a few of the new arrivals. Buy one and spend this evening at home—you'll be delighted!

Trotter King	George Barr McCutcheon	Marjorie Hayton
The Winning Hour	Augustus Thomas	Augustus Thomas
The Sweeney Girl	Lowell	Lowell
Joseph Vance	William De Morgan	William De Morgan
Adventure Short	William De Morgan	William De Morgan
Somewhere Good	William De Morgan	William De Morgan
It Never Was Happier Again	William De Morgan	William De Morgan
The Dead Man's Garden	William De Morgan	William De Morgan
The Deeds of Al	William De Morgan	William De Morgan

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This year there has been a decided change in the lines and general character of tailored clothes for men whose appearance bespeaks respect.

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Many men are doomed to failure when proper clothes would have won the day, inspired confidence and assured a great future. La Fleche Bros. guarantee you the most aristocratic, reserved and stylish overcoat in Edmonton.

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Photos Solve the Gift Problem

This Christmas you will be remembering a number of friends and relatives in various places with seasonable gifts, and you probably are having difficulty in deciding just what you shall send.


Why not send your Photograph, or the Family Photograph, or the Photo of the Baby, as the case may be? If you will think a moment you will be surprised at the large number of cases in which such a gift would be fitting; would be the solution of the "Gift Problem."

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THE WORLD OF SPORT

A Review of Eastern Football

The Mettill University football club, which last Saturday won the intercollegiate championship by defeating Varsity 14-0, has decided not to play of the Canadian hours, the final that the members of the team too close to the Christmas examination. This is a very considerable sacrifice, as judging by the records of other years their chances for pulling off the highest honors were excellent. The decision, however, does a great deal in expediting the theory that the college papers have dwelt on incessantly, that college football players are only make-believe students.

The fall of Varsity after four years in which it has carried everything before it makes an article by Fred Jacob in the recent development of Canadian football, that appears in Canadian Colliers, of unusual present interest. It is well worth looking up if you have followed the game at all closely. Some who remember the story that was of Gogode Hall, when Jimmie Smutlie and Harry Swank were in their prime or that of Queen's when Curtis and Ottawa College when Ligon was the longest punter in Canada, will find it hard to agree with the conclusion reached and will insist on having back the good old days. But Mr. Jacob writes in very entertaining fashion here. Here are a couple of

"The merits of the Canadian game," says Mr. Jacob, "can be best illustrated by the fact that the game has been watched in the recent years. There was a day when brown was more important than brain in playing the game. Managers sought for human battering rams to carry the ball to victory, and two lumps of clay made up the larger part of the repertoire of the ordinary captain. With a few players who could bear holes in the opposing wing line, and a kicking team back to the hounding, who weight did not tell, they were ready to go on the field to battle for a championship. That was the old-fashioned straight rugby, but there were men playing the game who saw greater possibilities in the rules."

"A very accurate rugby historian may some day arise to trace the exact development of each point of the game, but speaking of the matter in general the Canadian game are two points which make it much less dangerous than the credit for the modern Canadian game may be given to H. C. Griffiths, of Ridley College, St. Catharines, the man who made it a habit with the University of Toronto to turn out great rugby teams. If the development of the game is to be traced back, the Tiger rugby team of Hamilton will be found as an earlier factor in bringing about changes in the methods of play."

"When the Tigers began to capture championships with a regularity that was very noticeable, people naturally looked to find where they differed from the successful teams. They simply introduced science into their attack, but the 'bags of tricks' were the same. One of the most interesting features of the rugby world is the fact that the players know the value of any matter on the ground. They were not satisfied with a captured end run that any novice could see coming, but preferred to produce a variety of combinations which were calculated to puzzle their opponents. These days men do not have to be so clever, but few teams have ever shown greater skill in making them fool. The value of the brain alone was being steadily diminished in the Canadian game."

"Canadian rugby enthusiasts were waiting for a man who could combine the work which had been so well begun, and he arrived in the person of Mr. Griffiths. Before mentioned the great coach ever produced in the country. Mr. Griffiths does not look the part. He may be seen at every important game, but as he stands on the side lines, his small figure enveloped in a grey coat, few persons would pick him out as the brains of Canadian rugby."

Walle engaged as a master at Ridley College. Mr. Griffiths began to attract attention to himself by producing a champion junior team out of the limited supply of material to be found in the preparatory school. Then he moved to Toronto, and took hold of the Varsity squad. It was his work with them that established his reputation, and his fame rests entirely upon his ability as a tactician. He proved to the satisfaction of everybody that a team can be developed under the Canadian rules which will work with the precision of a machine and pull off plays calculated to thrill any lover of pretty work."

"The rules which make the forward pass and off-side interference illegal have rendered it necessary for Canadians to create a type of combination attack peculiarly their own. When a player must make his runs under protection and pass to a man coming from behind him, genuine science has to be introduced if the ball carrier is to gain ground instead of losing it. A variety of plays have been originated with complicated and daring running catches that are at once startling and spectacular. They demand great accuracy in their execution, for it always loses as though the men were taking great chances of losing the ball. In fact, the whole tendency of modern Canadian rugby is to keep the ball to the open as much of the time as possible."

Furthermore, it was soon seen that the wing line could be used for other purposes besides bucking. The fact that off-side interference was not allowed did not do away with the value of the forward line by any means. Perhaps the most striking commentary on the criticism launched against the Canadian game that it depended too much on the back division is the disappearance of the man at the position of fullback. Instead of a backguard of four men, the up-to-date teams now use only three. They have after the punts of their opponents, while the fullback has become a flying wing, combining in his work the duties of both the line and the back division.

When Mr. Griffiths began to perfect his great Varsity machine, many persons predicted that the spectacular passing and running game would not work against experienced rugby aggressors. These experts thought that men who depended upon speed and brains would be smothered by their opponents.

They also foretold that a certain percentage of the combination was bound to go wrong, making the constant passing so costly. The result would have to be abandoned. The Dominion championship series of the past three years have given these rugby authorities their answer. The only team that made any sort of a showing against Varsity was the Tigers against whom it played in the fall of 1910, and the Hamilton team made use of modern methods of attack and defense."

The prosperous looking citizen came swarming down the street, his face radiant with satisfaction, his chest swelled up with the fresh morning air. He was happily disposed toward the world that all mankind. At the corner he saw a miserable object which had once been a real man. The man was clad in rags, was shivering and hunger had emaciated his form and put dark valleys in his cheeks.

"My good friend," said the prosperous one, "apparently you have not been as fortunate as I have. I feel the impulse to help you."

He took the tramp to a clothing store, and fitted him out in new frock from head to foot. When they emerged from that establishment, the tramp looked like the reincarnation of Beau Brummel with bells on.

The next stop was at a restaurant, where the starving man got away with about eight dollars' worth of food. His eyes were wet with the light of gratitude, and he dearly loved his rescuer.

"Now," said the rich man, "I am going to the Yale-Princeton football game. I am a Yale man, and I know Yale will win."

"Quit your kidding!" objected the tramp, "Princeton's going to win."

"They argued it for half an hour, and at the end of that time the tramp, fully incensed by his man, caught the rich man by the collar, held both his eyes, wiped up the pavement with him, and then threw him into the gutter."

All of which shows that college sports it will still be the last. The Paper Magazine.

DANGERS OF LYING IN BED

(From Harper's Weekly.) Lack of muscular exercise is the first result of lying in bed. As a result, the appetite is weakened, the digestive functions are deranged, and the muscles of the stomach and abdomen cease to act upon the intestinal mass. When the body is in a recumbent position, the heart works with the least expenditure of effort and the least fatigue, and the circulation and the functional activity are decreased.

But unless the subject is exceptionally vigorous all the benefits are nullified by dangers. The circulation is shut away from fresh air and sunlight. The result of that deprivation is a condition similar to anemia. But the supposition is that the weak or the aged cannot do the exercise, the closing of the pulmonary circulation, an action which, as a sequence, results in passive congestion of both sides of the lungs. For this reason, a simple fracture of a bone may be the cause of death, because when the patient lies in bed there is no movement of the muscles to act as an incentive to deep breathing.

A French syndicate has bought Rock Sand for \$150,000, an enormous price for a wind horse. Mr. Belmont paid \$100,000. But he had won all his triumphs before coming to America.

Rock Sand is one of the handful of thoroughbreds referred to as "Triple Crown" winners, meaning that he succeeded in winning the three greatest chances of the English turf, the Two Thousand, the Guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger stakes. His sire, Sainfoin, had a somewhat romantic history. He was owned by Sir Robert Farnham and John Porter, the trainer. In their ownership he won the Esher Stakes, one of the speculators being Sir James Miller, then a shambler in the Fourteenth Hussars. That Sir James Farnham, that Sir James Farnham winning the Derby. So impressed was he with the vision that he offered \$100,000 and had his Derby win, should he prove victorious to the owners of the colt. They accepted, for they had little idea that Sainfoin was likely to win. The Derby day came the odds on favorite was Sainfoin, who had won the Two Thousand, while odds of 160 to 15 were laid against Sainfoin. He won, however, in a sensational race after Sainfoin had attempted to "savage" every horse that approached him. He had a creditable career afterward and later to Roushmore, sired Rock Sand. Roushmore was rather a delicate man, though beautifully bred, from a horseman's point of view. Rock Sand, however, was a rugged colt, and great respectability was held in regard to him, when he easily won his first race as a two-year-old.

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Timotheus like you raise
A mortal to the skies!
I play you—and the boys
That rest above the eyes
Of Padewski, Hoffman, Bauer,
Are mine for just a little hour.

No longer do the mysteries
Of Bach and Brahms elude;
Straight through their inmost twist
I glide with certitude,
And even dare to try my chances
With Richard Strauss's dissonances.

Cadenza's crystal creep;
I spare them as they run;
Or diapason deep,
Like boom of mighty gun,
Speed lavishly their harmonies,
Without a touch upon the keys.

Not mine to probe the why
And therefore of it all:
I crutch the pregnant hinges of the
lutes,
And music yields her richest spoils to
me.

Maurice Morris.

Edmonton has lost the privilege of
seeing several of the best attractions
that have been coming through the
West because Mr. Sherman has held
out for more moderate prices than the
managers wished to charge. "The Red
House" sent by after playing in Cal-
gary, where it was allowed to charge
but \$2. The Calgary News Telegram
had this to say recently:

"The stand taken by the theatre
management is to be commended. In
the past there has been a great deal
of disapproval owing to the prevailing
high prices, and as a result Mr. Sher-
man has decided to meet the popular
demand. Mr. Dunsmuir was very em-
phatic in his statement to the repre-
sentative of the News Telegram, when
he stated that it was the proprietors
of the shows and not the house man-
agement that had been responsible for
the high prices.

One instance is quoted, that of the
Sheehan English Opera company,
which played the house on its first
engagement at \$2.50, but when it re-
turned next week, the highest price will
be \$2.00. Mr. Sherman has decided to
draw the line and will draw it right
now.

Mr. Parvin, advance agent of "The
Red House," argues that other produc-
tions have received \$2.50 and he will
not cheapen his show by playing them
for \$2.00 when, he claims, the show
is one of the very best on the road, and
does not feel like being made a pres-
ident of. He threatens to apply for an
injunction from the local courts and
has engaged counsel.

In reply to Mr. Parvin it is only fair
to state that he is not being "held up,"
to use his own expression, as a pre-
text, but the first production to be
held down to the \$2.00 limit was the
Sheehan organization. Furthermore,
why should he ask half a dollar more
from Calgary theatre-goers than from
those of Seattle, where he will open
the week beginning November 25,
which is Thanksgiving week in the
United States.

The writer was present two or three
times when "The Red House" was pro-
duced in Boston and, while it certainly
is a beautiful show in every re-
spect, there is no reason why the man-
agement should hold out for a price
which is more than other productions
will be asked to play for in this city.
Mr. Parvin may be sincere in his threat
to cancel the engagement or he may be
only bluffing. If he does cancel Cal-
gary will miss a good show, but if they
do miss a good show, the local theatre-
goers will feel grateful to Mr. Sherman.

and Mr. Dunsmuir for the firm stand
they have taken in the matter.

The Calgary theatre-goers are by no
means parsimonious, but is there any
reason why a young man, who takes
his duty, should pay \$5.00 for the even-
ing's entertainment, when another in
Seattle pays only \$4.00?

The matter is not new, as there has
been much criticism in the past over
the high prices.

The result was that the company
played Calgary and passed up Edmon-
ton. There is no earthly excuse for
this, but it should be noted that the
company was asked for a musical comedy,
and the stand of the local management
is such as to deserve the best thanks
of the public. With the business that
is being done in Edmonton, the attrac-
tions simply cannot stay away indefin-
itely.

"The Versailles" at the end of the
week were a disappointment. We had
reason to look for something better.

This week's Orpheum bill is well up
to the standard and is as usual being
quoted by very large houses. Mr. and
Mrs. Jimmie Burke in "The Duke"
were exceedingly funny. "The
Widow's Boy," a fearful affair, was
well done. "The Sketch Monday,"
the eccentric English chap and "The Hug-
aboone Song" were all especially well re-
ceived.

STRONG ORPHEUM BILL

Crosby and Dayne is the name of the
team in which the versatile actor-
writer appears with Blanche Dayne
and the playlet is titled "The Village
Lawyer." Crosby is not so well
known perhaps to the theatre-goers
of the northwest but he is one of the
real attractions on the Orpheum cir-
cuit and should not be missed. To
see a Crosby sketch is a treat in itself;
but to see Crosby and Dayne in one
of the former's creations is a double
attraction.

Fred Warren and Al Blanchard,
minstrel stars with an amusing mus-
ical comedy act, "The Village
Lawyer." Warren's imperiousness
of a colored soubrette is a
circum.

"After the Showers" is a dainty bit
of amusement, a story of a summer
situation, in which Lela Merrill and
Frank Otto appear. The act is clever
and stamped with class. The Harvey
family is one of Europe's greatest cul-
lions of wire artists. There are five
persons in the aggregation and their
performances are finished, skilful and
artistic.

Two very pretty girls with a
"sweet" set are Misses Marion and
Jessie Standish. They have excellent
voices and in their act have utilized
charming bits of melody rather than
rattle or the so-called popular music
of the day.

Monroe Hopkins and Lolo Atell
have a act called "Travelling." It
pictures many of the discomforts of
modern railway accommodations
bringing out the humorous side of the
troubles. The piece is full of amusing
situations and the dialogue is unusual-
ly bright.

Nip and Tuck, two English com-
edians, run head and neck in their
efforts to create fun. Speed is one
of their strong points and the pair
"pull" their stuff and "get away with
it" while the audience marvels at the
rapid fire methods.

News comes of the death of Mr.
George W. Barrow, who played in Ed-
monton some weeks ago with "Pom-
ander Walk." She was the older of the
maiden ladies, who had the musician
as her lodger. She was a well-known
actress of the old school and her work
had a delightful finish to it.

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THE LEISURE HOUR

Although January seems a long distance off from now, already Mr. David Robinson is getting under way his plans for a grand Vaudeville Show, confined exclusively to local talent.

Local well-known people will be taken off, there will be duets and songs, and dear knows what other attractive features, composed especially for the occasion by Mr. Vernon Burford, whose talent in that direction I think has never been as generally recognized as it should have been.

Indeed if the little advance whispers I hear, by any criterion of what is to be, we are in for a rare mid-Winter treat.

I needn't say what we think of Mr. Robinson's gift as an actor. We are all proud of him, as we well might be. He is one of those so highly gifted in his art that when I take my pen in hand, I feel that he is big enough for me to speak the plain honest truth about.

Genius criticism, and it is fair, is the sincerest form of flattery.

It presumes that its subject has a sufficiently level head to recognize that base flattery is no genuine praise, but that the person who undertakes to point out what appears to him or her to be little defects, does so out of real interest.

All amateurs would do well to bear this in mind.

The following from the Vancouver Saturday Sunset calls attention to a very great evil, which has its counterparts elsewhere than in the world of amusement:

With the close of the baseball season in the United States, many of the best known players have been "signed" by vaudeville managers for the winter. There is nothing degrading about this, in truth, but there surely is nothing elevating about it. The public does not seem to care a snap of its fingers about being elevated, it merely wishes to be amused, but it seems strange that anything of this nature can be found amusing. For the insignificant price of ten cents one can see moving pictures of the baseball players in action, and this would appear more satisfying than watching these muscular athletes attempting to perform clumsily on the stage. In New York not long ago two chorus girls shot a millionaire hotel owner and were arrested. While out on bail these two young women were on the bill at a vaudeville theatre, filling the enormous house to its capacity at every performance. Their act, a song and dance, was utterly commonplace, but the tick of speculators reaped an enormous harvest from the morbidly curious who were willing to pay any price to get inside.

The spirit that prompts this desire to witness the prime movers in a case of which the details would not be considered fit to print in a reputable newspaper, is not hard to understand. It is the outcome of the persistent American system of filling the minds of young and old with unpleasant ideas, either through the newspapers or the theatre. Canada is forced to accept the situation because it is not a producer of theatrical attractions, but it is to be hoped that the time will come when Canada may take the initiative in the dramatic world. Recently a good, old-fashioned play was billed in Toronto

when he was in the city that he "The only bishop of the church who have got securely into the roll of immortals were poets and owe their fame to the fact that they could dash off a few verses now and then. Bishop Kerr gave up."

"Arise my soul, and with the sun Thy daily course of duty run." And who hath not sung Bishop Haber's celestial songs?

Very few men can quote a line of John or Charles Wesley's prose, but their beautiful songs are on the lips of little children—for of such is the Kingdom of God.

Robert Burns did more to civilize and Christianize and humanize his world than all his preacher contemporaries put together.

I wish that some new poet would come along with a song like "Begone, Murphy's Home," "Down Went McElroy," "The Harris' of Our Door," "There's Nothing Too Good for the Irish," etc.

The Lord always had a poet laureate, and He always will.

THIS KLAN is Toronto Star.

"I seldom refer to poets, for I believe the poets are either dead or should be dead."—Rev. Dr. Renison, at Canadian Club.

The reverend doctor is ungrateful. If he were to take the poets, the quick and the dead ones, out of the church, it would tumble about his ears, or, rather, it would be an empty vault, shunned by the people. For instance, the church owes a great and lasting debt to the late King David, who furnished all churches, in all lands, for all time, with their most familiar pieces of poetry, the Jubilate Deo: "O be joyful in the Lord all ye saints: serve the Lord with gladness and come before His presence with a song!"

A song, mark you! Not a nickel or a quarter or a one, five, ten or a thousand-dollar bill; not a contribution to the building fund, or the organ fund, or the superannuation fund, or the widow and orphan fund, or the fund for providing the preacher with a bull skin overcoat; but—"Come before His presence with a song!"

And if the reverend gentleman will consult his Bible, he will find the injunction to "sing unto the Lord a new song," with the accent on the "new." If the poets were all dead, who would sing the new songs? I pause for a reply.

The Blessed Virgin Mary is dead, but before she died she contributed to the church its finest and most triumphant anthem, the Immortal Magnificat.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

The Church of England liturgy is deeply indebted to the poets. Good old Simon was another of them, and the fathers of the church did not disdain to insert his Nine Lessons—the most beautiful and touching farewell ever uttered by the tongue of man—

"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace according to Thy word: For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

Can You Describe the Conversation between these Two Ladies?



For the best answer sent to The Saturday Mirror, by Dec. 10th, a Two Year's Subscription will be awarded the paper sent to any address the World over. For the second best answer, a Year's Subscription will be given.

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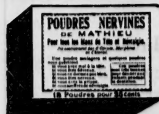
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CAN any one explain, why Jasper Ave. was torn up, and the sub-way started, before the bridges on Mackay and Victoria Avenues were completed?

To leave the narrow board-walk on the other side of Jasper Ave., the only means of traffic this side of the railway tracks, looks like a very foolish invitation to what only Kind Fortune has averted, a long series of very serious accidents.

To drive over the Board Walk between the hours of five and six, particularly, is to send one home wondering how we have escaped as well as we have up to the present time.

THE report of the Annual Meeting of the shareholders of the Edmonton Exhibition Association is a most encouraging, and interesting one.

It was held in the Council Chamber on Nov. 20th at 2 o'clock, the President, Mr. A. B. Campbell, being in the chair, with over sixty members present.

The president in his address dealt with the improvements to the buildings already erected, and the new buildings completed generally. He also referred to some of the improvements which have been authorized for next year, such as cement walks in the Manufacturers' Building, etc.

Manager W. J. Stark, presented his report showing that the three events conducted by the Association this year, the Spring Show, Spring Race Meet, and Summer Fair, all showed a profit. Special mention was made of the live stock department, the foundation of the success of all agricultural exhibitions, and which was made the strong feature of this year's show; the exhibits included the finest purebred animals in the United States and all parts of Canada. Quotations from the agricultural papers were given, and reference made to the strong support accorded the Exhibition Association by the Edmonton press.

The financial statement, as certified to by City Auditor C. L. Richardson, shows that the Exhibition Association has a surplus of \$23,140.17.

The election of the officers and Directors was then proceeded with. Mr. B. Campbell, who has occupied the position of President during the past four years, was nominated by Mayor Armstrong, and received the unanimous support of those present; it was quite evident that Mr. Campbell is very popular with the shareholders. Mr. James McGeorge was nominated for Vice-President by H. Milson; he however, withdrew his name and presented that of Mayor Armstrong, stating that he felt it was due to the city that had been so generous in its support of the Exhibition, to make Mayor Armstrong the Vice-President of the Association; he was elected my acclamation.

The following were also elected—Agricultural Directors, C. H. Grieron, James East, Wm. Goller, D. W. Carscadden, Geo. Long, D. W. Warner, Race Directors, W. R. West, D. R. Stewart, G. May, Joseph Driscoll.

Some of the improvements which have been made on the grounds this year are:

- The completion of the main or centre portion of the Manufacturers' Building.
- A new Machinery Hall.
- A new Race Barn.
- A Subway under the Race Track.
- Grand Stand Bleachers with a seating capacity of over 1,000.

The building of a sewer system to connect with that of the city.

The extension of the railway siding to the rear of the Horse Show Stables and a new platform which greatly facilitates the loading and unloading of stock, Mid-way attractions, etc.

By the time of the opening of the Summer Fair it is expected that the monster Horse Show Building will also be available for use, so that the Shareholders are able to show the City that every penny of the \$175,000 grant of January last, is being used to the best possible advantage, and the further advertisement of Edmonton as having the best grounds and exhibition buildings this side of Toronto.

The St. Louis Republic says: J. T. Custine, a contractor in Upper Altan, has struck oil upon six lots in Lenox, Mo., for which he traded a phonograph a year ago.

Frederick Himes, of Altan, then owner of the lots, appealed to Custine to find a purchaser who would take the "white elephant" off his hands. The contractor proffered his \$25 talking machine and a number of records, which were joyfully accepted by Himes.

Recently Custine paid his annual taxes on the lots, which amounted to six cents. Then he received a letter asking for what he would sell them. Curious as to what anyone should want with the property, he went to Lenox to investigate, and there learned that oil had been found upon his holdings.

"Twas in a tea-room that they sat,
He held her hand, she held his hat
I sat upon the sofa late,
They kissed. I saw them do it.

He held that kissing was no crime,
She held her face up every time,
I held my breath and wrote this rhyme,
And they thought no one knew it.

Local Statesmen
D ESPIITE all the criticism I have heard with reference to the naming of this paper, The Saturday Mirror, I notice down in Regina it has a flattering rival, The Regina Mirror.

Mighty prosperous looking baby journal too let me tell you—sixteen pages.

Guess the merchants are doing a bigger business down there, or are more alive to letting the people know just what they are about.

Real estate ads! Well just about eight pages of them, solid, that's all.

I notice on the front page they run a big cut every week of some "local statesman," from which I gather that they are old hands at the newspaper game.

Young one's, like myself, find "local statesmen" few and far between.

Occasionally I run across "local politicians" of

more or less ability. I'm afraid though if I wrote "statesman" against their names I'd choke.

"They must go in for 'Action Bridge' down in Regina, with the highest bidder tagged the 'local statesman' of the week."

Here lone-hand Eucher is the game of the hour. I draw this conclusion in the Regina Mirror's case, because I see the statesman of the week was a chap named B. Patton.

Now I had never heard of T. B., and was keen to learn what constituted statesmanship in Regina.

Perhaps we had one or two loose craftsmen here. Anxious to assure myself on the point, I read: "Last week the place of honor in 'The Mirror' was allotted, with pleasure to many, to Jack Westman. This week it is filled by Mr. T. B. Patton, a clear-headed, sure-footed local statesman—a gentleman whose steps are ordered of careful thing."

He does not act on the spur of the moment. He thinks twice, thrice over his proposition. The other day, as chairman of a public committee, he was called upon to submit for endorsement our account for payment. It mounted into thousands of dollars, and the statement was in harmony with the terms of a previous resolution agreed to by the committee. The form was reputable, the work was done to the satisfaction of all concerned, and the committee, as the account was read by T. B., was evidently prepared to sanction its settlement. Not so the chairman, however. In a few words, void of feeling and pregnant with a quiet decisiveness, that denotes character, he said: 'Gentlemen, but for the fact that this account is not sufficiently itemized, I would ask you to place your O.K. to it. I suggest that it is remitted for the production of details so that we may see exactly that the large sum is in harmony with the terms of the contract.'

I don't blame 'The Regina Mirror' for coming to the conclusion that T. B. was a statesman after his masterly handling of that 'thousands of dollars' account of theirs. Almost I am persuaded that I could force myself to whisper the name, to even Joe Clarke if he could slip over an item involving 'thousands of dollars,' to the credit of this more modest sheet.

Why that no looking glass, or hand-mirror, they're working at in Regina way, it's a pier glass at the most conservative estimate.

I hope T. B. never does anything that this Mirror of truth, you know the kind of thing.

"I don't care, T. B., if I do tell you to your face, it's the honest truth and I'm not ashamed to say it—you are, you are a statesman."

Became, think, pause, look and listen, what a position it's going to put that, former in-getting their money—and then having to reverse that judgment of 'statesman.'

SURE-FOOTED is good. Any politician or statesman who can keep his feet, or head, under such a shower of bouquets.

Any gentleman who can order his steps "under such circumstances, is some fine fellow—believe me."

Slippery sidewalks, and stumbling feet, are more the order of the day amongst us.

I wonder if a little "tally" helps to keep a statesman's gait a sure one, and his feet close to the walk—the straight and narrow plank walk—that we are told is the only way to righteousness.

If I thought the Regina Mirror's example demonstrated that this is indeed so, I should start a "local What You May Call It Column," myself.

T HOSE who make a living by coming steadily may be said to live on the fat of the land. And the newspaper that swells its circulation by handing out "tally" to local aspirants for fame, be said to be endeavoring to achieve a similar object, by means of a "tally pool."

INCIDENTALLY, Hamilton File, of the London Still Another Statesman

don't miss, wrote the Regina Mirror a post card.

It was to use the Mirror's own words, while he was yet travelling "under the shadow of the Governor-General of Canada." Says the truthful Looking Glass: "Hamilton File is an able and brilliant journalist, war correspondent, novelist and pen-statesman."

Another statesman created on the spot. They evolve 'em quickly in Regina, you see.

However, this was only a person, or perhaps that doesn't commit them to anything.—At any rate they got the post-card as I have said—and the contents of that card brought them to the following conclusions:

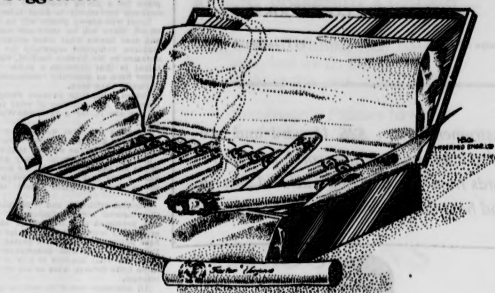
"There is nothing starchy about Hamilton. He writes the facts about a subject and colors them with the wisdom of the true student of human life. He knows by instinct when a thing is going right, and after apologizing to us in a post card written from the local train at Indian Head that he had said to good-bye, he added, 'I like 'The Mirror' and believe that it will succeed.' That is a great deal for the Fleet Street man to say and we hope that as we improve week by week we shall deserve the kind words. There is a sort of Free Masonry among journalists. They know each other's weaknesses and the tragedies that they have to endure from fools and Little Muttonbone statesmen, and their kindly sympathy and good luck is as ointment on the beard of the priest. It sends forth a 'sweet color'."

SOMEONE—we will say a Vere de Vere—once spoke about "common names" to Proude, the historian, and the great writer retorted, "Those are the names of greatest honour. Take away the achievements of the Smiths and Browns, and English history would be read with a difference." As for the mighty clan of Smiths, they had never lived there would indeed be a gap in our annals; and London life would be much poorer if all the Smiths were suddenly sent out of smart society.

What my Dog said to the Motor Car that nearly ran over him—

Stink! stink! motor-car,
How I wish that you were far
Up above the clouds so far
Dwelling like a pig in sty;
Stink! stink! motor-car,
That is where I wish you are!

A Gift Suggestion



"FACTOR" CIGARETTES

Manufactured from the finest of tobacco—for the man of discriminating tastes.

Packed in air-tight, moisture-proof tin boxes. Virginia or Turkish blends.

An ideal gift to a man who appreciates a smoke of rare and distinctive quality.

Box of fifty, 75c.

Liquor Department

Third Street

The Hudson's Bay Company

WEST LAWN

THE SMART WEST END SUB-DIVISION

Has had a remarkable good Sale

BECAUSE

The Lots are fifty feet wide
Are situated on Jasper Avenue
And has several nice homes built there
Will have street car service, and many other promising features



THE HOMESITE BEAUTIFUL

On Monday, December 2nd, prices in West Lawn will advance one hundred dollars

OBEY THE IMPULSE

ACT NOW—TODAY

Our office will be open to-night

HART & THOMAS

161 McDougall Avenue

Selling Agents

THOMAS GRAHAM, Sales Manager

Phone 5710

Empire Investment Agency, Ltd.

F. J. HAGERTY, Manager

Phone 5474

646 First Street

GOLF IN THE HOME

By Henry Hume

Scene—The Den about 9.30 p.m. He had been golfing all day, whilst she has been left at home, having been recommended by him to visit her mother, order the notes, answer the telephone, thoroughly enjoy herself, and to expect him home somewhere about the time for dinner. He has been beaten in both his matches whilst she has not quite carried out her husband's instructions.

He (waking up with a start): Hang!

She (decidedly cross): I beg your pardon?

He (rubbing his eyes): Oh, thank goodness it isn't true. I was in the middle of a terrible nightmare. I was dreaming that I lost my ball off a 2-ft. putt and that—

She (very bored): That's right, golf again. Golf, golf, golf—nothing but rotten golf! Golf in the morning, golf at night.

He (trying to make good): By Jove! I'm awfully sorry if I went to sleep after dinner. Of course I ought to have remembered that you would like to hear how I got on to-day.

She (to herself as she sighs deeply): Now I suppose I shall have to listen to some of the most appalling rubbish of modern times. (Aloud and very sarcastically): I suppose you had most frightfully bad luck, darling?

He (sinking back into his chair): You can't conceive how badly things went for me. You know the tenth, don't you, dear?

She (laughingly): Oh, yes, I know the short hole.

He (getting excited): Yes, that's right. Well, the most remarkable thing happened to me there.

She (with her eyes closed): Where?

He (quickly): Why, at the tenth, of course.

She (very wearily): You don't mean to say you took ten strokes at that rotten little hole.

He (distinctly annoyed): Strokes! Good heavens, no! I was referring to the tenth hole where I dropped a stroke by—

She (with a sarcastic drawl): Oh, really, how extremely interesting. That reminds me I had the most extraordinary piece of bad luck to-day too.

He (trying to bring himself into taking some interest in his wife's doings): What happened to you, dear? I thought you had been staying at home all day.

She (As a matter of fact I dropped a stitch at the—)

He (Dropped a what?)

She (nearly screaming): A stitch. STITCH. Stitch.

He (What on earth has that to do with golf?)

She (I don't know I'm sure. I'm awfully sorry, but I'm afraid that I can't understand what you're talking about.)

She (I'm sorry for that. You see you're always keen to tell me about your doings all day and I, being a dutiful wife, wish to tell you about mine. You've been golfing all day and want to talk about golf. I've been knitting all day and want to talk about knitting. Now do you understand?)

He (feeling very uncomfortable): Oh, yes, of course, yes. How stupid of me. I—I hope you won your match, had a good game, and all that sort of thing.

She (with a tear in one eye and a drop in the other): Oh, yes, thanks very much.

He (after a long awkward pause during which his wife has removed the tear and the drop): By Jove! I did a thing to-day that I've never done before.

She (You don't mean to say that you have won a match at last. Who on earth were you playing against?)

He (very hurt): I'm afraid that you're quite wrong as it so happens that I did not win my match. She (quite pleased): No; I thought not.

He (more hurt still): Why do you say that?

She (laughing): Do you suppose that I can't tell when you've won a match or not?

He (Of course you can't unless I tell you myself.

She (laughing heartily): As if that makes any difference. Do you suppose that I can't tell from your silly old face as you come up the drive, from the way in which you want to tell me about your rotten bad luck, from the way in which you tell me that some part of your body was sick and sorry, or from the way in which you tell me that you developed a bad headache when you were three down and five to go? My dear boy—

He (very much awake): Stop, that's quite enough. From the way in which you are talking you evidently think that I am a bad loser.

She (laughing more than ever): On the contrary, I think that you are a very fine loser indeed, a most successful one in fact. I can't remember ever having met a better one.

He (Oh, you needn't rub it in that you think me a rotten player, and you can take it from me that if I hadn't sliced out of bounds to-day at the third, lost my ball at the seventh, and then laid a stymie at the twelfth I simply must have—)

She (interrupting): There you are, at it again. Doesn't that explain exactly what I have been saying.

He (sinking back into his chair): If you won't talk sense I think it would be better if we didn't talk at all. (Waking up from his second nap and seeing his wife sound asleep): By Jove! she's gone to sleep. She looks mighty tired too. I wonder what it is. I suppose it must be that beastly knitting. What was it she said? Dropped a stitch or something—

She (feigning to talk in her sleep): Oh, I'm so tired! Nothing but knit, knit, knit.

He (suddenly realizing): By Jove! I can see it all now. What a selfish brute I am. I leave her alone too much. (Rising gently and kissing her forehead): Don't be, old girl. You're tired.

You think you had better go to bed, old girl.

She (pretending to wake up with a start): Oh, oh, what has happened?

He (tenderly): It's only I, little girl.

She (coming to extraordinarily well): I thought you—you were away playing golf.

He (apologetically): No, not now, dear. I've come back again. I'm so sorry to have neglected you. Tell me, have you been very bored to-day? What have you been doing?

She (thoroughly awake and laughing gaily): Bored! Good gracious me no! I was a little bored, but I went up to town and bought two of the prettiest hats imaginable, and I simply couldn't resist a new dress as well. I've been longing to tell you but you would insist on talking about your silly old golf (kissing him). There, good night. It's too late now. I'll tell you all about it to-morrow.

Goodnight, dear! I told them to send the bill direct to you.

He (as he helps himself to a whisky and soda after she has left the room): Well I'm—

PITT'S "GRAND AFFAIR."

The interesting story of the great Regent diamond, now owned by the French government, is told by Norman Pearson in his society sketches in the "Eighteenth Century." Thomas Pitt, the grandfather of the great William Pitt, Lord Chatham, purchased the stone while governor for the East India Company, and sent it to England in charge of his son Robert.

Pitt first heard of it in the summer of 1701, and about December of that year Jamchund, one of the best known native merchants, brought the diamond to him at Madras, and offered to sell it for two hundred thousand pagodas. Pitt would not offer more than thirty thousand, so the negotiations stopped. In February, Jamchund came again to Madras, and offered Pitt the diamond for one hundred thousand pagodas, and raised his own offer to forty-five thousand. Jamchund would not agree to this, and they "looked a friendly leave of one another."

But an hour later Jamchund reappeared, and offered the diamond for fifty thousand pagodas. Pitt raised his offer to forty-seven thousand five hundred pagodas. Jamchund, after long haggling, came down to forty-eight thousand, but would go no further, and at that price—about one hundred thousand dollars—Pitt closed with him.

According to modern ideas, Pitt's "grand affair," as he called it, conducted by a man in his position, might be regarded as of doubtful propriety. But the company raised by objection to the ground, their only fear being that Pitt's purchase might bring them into collision with the native authorities.

Pitt calculated that when the diamond was cut it would weigh about three hundred thousand carats, and be worth four hundred and fifty thousand pounds, which he declared was "as cheap as a cock beef." Some monarch, he thought, would be "the fairest

IS THIS A TIME FOR EDMONTON TO MAKE ANY RISKY EXPERIMENT?

Things are coming its way as never before. We want a man at the head of affairs who has shown himself able and willing at all times to take advantage of every opportunity to advance our interests and who at the same time will keep our policy along sound business lines.

To put an untried man in the Mayor's chair simply because he makes large promises, is to take too big a chance with our prosperity.

It is because it is recognized that there is need of exceptional ability and experience at the head of the civic administration at this stage in Edmonton's growth that

MR. WILLIAM SHORT

has been brought into the field.

Who could give us better service than a citizen with Mr. Short's record for public service?

He was Mayor for three years when Edmonton first made for itself a place on the map.

The ideas for which he stood during his term of office are those which have governed the City ever since and given it a world-wide reputation for municipal progressiveness.

To him we owe the City Charter under which we have done business for nearly ten years.

He fought for the first for the principals of Municipal control of our utilities, a principal to which we owe much.

Both in and out of office he has made a thorough study of the subject of municipal government. There will be no bungling or lack of foresight under him. His whole record is a guarantee of that.

It is a case of the office seeking the man, not the man seeking the office, and no one whose interests are bound up with those of Edmonton can afford to poll his vote against him.

Make WILLIAM SHORT Mayor of Edmonton for 1913

by such a majority as will encourage others of his type to offer themselves in the future. We can do no better service to the cause of municipal good government.

FOR

LADIES ONLY

A picture lesson showing why you should re-elect

G. H. MAY

As Alderman



Back lane in heart of City, decaying vegetable matter, breeding flies to kill babies.



A first-class fire trap and an eyesore



"The open door" Not in China, but in Edmonton

Listen, Ladies—you don't have to throw brick bats in Edmonton to get a vote. Many of you are qualified voters. Use your vote right and give it to someone who will battle with these loathsome conditions.

The charter amendment that I am after will allow us to clear up these conditions, charging it up to the owners taxes.

If you want to help in the clean up movement, and city beautification, place me back in the Council and boost the cause.



ALDERMAN G. H. MAY

Watch this Space next week



Your vote and influence
Respectfully Solicited

Jos. Driscoll

**Alderman
for 1913**

champion" for it; and he preferred that it should be purchased for the crown of England. For the English crown he would make some attempt; but under no circumstances was it to be sold to a club of people that shall make more advantage of it than myself, who have run the great risks to purchase it."

In 1703 these "risks" began to grow more serious. Never was man more tormented by a treasure. His letters on the subject from India palpitate with his fears. He dreads being robbed by the jeweller who cuts it, or even by his own agents. Having entrusted it to his son Robert and Sir Stephen Evance, he subsequently orders them to hand it over to his cousin, George Pitt. About Robert he writes, "I am not a little jealous too of my son, who has already made too bold with me on several occasions, therefore pray take care now that he does not strip me." Rumors affecting Evance's credit throw him into an agony of alarm. Better, too, is his disappointment when he finds that the stone has been reduced by cutting from four hundred and ten to one hundred and thirty-seven carats.

A Lynching Story

Eugene Field, the American humorist, was at a dinner in London when the conversation turned to the subject of lynching in the United States. It was the general opinion that a large percentage of Americans met their death at the end of a hemp rope. Finally the hostess turned to Field and asked—

"You sir, must have often seen these affairs?"

"Yes, replied Field; hundreds of them."

"Oh, do tell us about a lynching you have seen yourself, broke in half a dozen voices."

Well, the night before I started for England, said Field, I was giving a dinner at an hotel to a party of intimate friends, when a colored waiter spilled a bowl of soup over the gown of a lady at an adjoining table. The gown was utterly ruined, and the gentleman at once seized the waiter, tied a rope around his neck, and at a signal from the injured lady, swung him up in the air.

Horrible, said the hostess, with a shudder. And did you actually, see this yourself, in the air?

Well, no, admitted Field, apologetically. Just at that moment I happened to be downstairs killing the chef for putting mustard in the blanc-mange.

For the safe-keeping of the treasure.

At last, in 1717, the Duke of Orleans, regent during the infancy of Louis XV, agreed to buy it for the French crown. Pitt, accompanied by his sons, and his son in law, Charles Cholmondeley, carried it over himself to Calais where it was delivered into the hands of the jeweller appointed to receive it. Pitt, in a letter to his son Robert, wrote: "I cannot help impatient looks meddling with my business that they had nothing to do with. The stone was sold for two million livres (one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds). I received the third of the money, and the remainder in four payments, every six months, of which I have Crown jewels, four parcels, one to be delivered at each payment."

A FAMOUS DETECTIVE

Seymour Butler, the well-known Pinkerton man who used to stand at the entrance of the Woodbine during race meets and pick out crooks, has died in New York. Mr. Butler was engaged by the Ontario Jockey Club for many years, and by his marvelous memory for descriptions and his vast acquaintance with crooks was able to warn the local police of the presence of many undesirable and the police would arrest such persons as vagrants.

Mr. Butler was one of the men engaged to protect the Duke of Cornwall and York, now King George, during his tour of Canada some years ago. On that occasion he so impressed his Royal Highness that before departing he presented Mr. Butler with three handsome scarf pins. Mr. Butler was also retained at the time his Majesty visited Quebec on the occasion of the Tercentenary, and was again presented with a scarf pin by the King.

Mr. Butler's methods were peculiar. He seldom had anything to do with arresting a man. His aim was always merely to identify it. It is said that he knew 15,000 crooks, most of whom he had never seen. His memory for descriptions was unerring and he could detect a man instantly by a written description. The feature which he found most useful to observe was the ear, which he said was always distinctive and never changed in an individual. Until about two years ago he was with a Pinkerton agency, but lately operated a detective bureau of his own.

To the Electors of the City of Edmonton

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

We beg to announce that at a public meeting held in the Moose Hall, Wednesday, November 20th, 1912, at which over 400 electors were present, and at which the fullest discussion was permitted regarding the municipal situation, both of the candidates already in the field were declared unsuitable, and it was unanimously decided to tender a nomination for the mayoralty contest of Edmonton for 1913, to

ALDERMAN JOSEPH A. CLARKE

who, after stating his position and accounting for his stewardship as alderman, accepted the nomination, and he is now in the field to the close of the poll on December 9th, 1912.

Immediately after the nomination, a Campaign Committee was appointed of 25 electors, who have full charge of the campaign. The Committee have their headquarters on FIRST STREET, in the McMullen Block, near the corner of Rice Street, over the Canadian Express Co.'s office.

A Finance Committee to handle the Ways and Means of the campaign was appointed, who will receive contributions to defray the entire expense of the campaign, and all subscriptions are to be paid only to members of the Committee authorized in writing by the Secretary-Treasurer, A. W. C. Scrivner, to receive them. **DO NOT PAY TO ANY OTHER.** Contributions are requested to this, the only campaign fund to which you will be asked to subscribe. Make all cheques payable to A. W. C. Scrivner.

Signed on behalf of the Committee,

A. W. C. SCRIVNER, HARRY NASH,

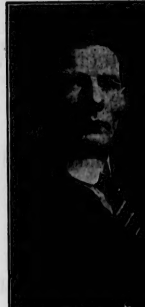
Secretary.

Chairman.

JAMES EAST

CANDIDATE FOR
RE-ELECTION

DOES MY
RECORD
MEET
WITH YOUR
APPROVAL



Your Vote
and Influence
solicited
on
Polling Day
December 9th

FOR ALDERMAN

Small Parks and Playgrounds Necessary

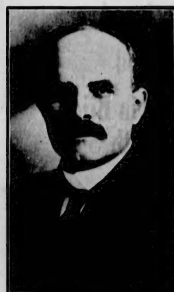
In Edmonton vacant lots will not always be available for small boys who, every spring are looking for a "ball game location" or the young men and women who club together to find a stretch of ground that can be converted into a tennis court. So the small park must be provided—within easy distance of every home. Edmonton is well provided with larger parks in the outlying districts but they cannot be reached by those with only an hour or two of leisure during the summer evening.

The small parks should cover a block at least. They should have trees and benches; and sand piles for the smaller children to play in, and space for the small boy's base ball game, now played on the vacant lot. They should have two or three good tennis courts, or grounds for similar amusements and in the winter they should be utilised for open air skating.

We have an abundance of land in Edmonton and to huddle our houses together without even an occasional breathing space would be the height of folly. But in view of increasing property values, the small park question demands immediate action. It would be a comparatively easy matter to secure these blocks of land throughout the city now but delay in this matter cannot but prove costly.

DR. H. R. SMITH,
Committee Rooms 342 Jasper E.

PHONE 6533



DR. H. R. SMITH
Aldermanic Candidate
"A hundred cents worth of honest work for every dollar of public money expended."

He was often summoned on journeys of thousands of miles to identify a criminal, and was contended all over Canada and the meted with many famous cases.

Sophie Lyons, the famous woman thief, whose operations in the United States, and who made some of her most daring hauls in Toronto, was finally caught by Butler, who departed from his usual rule and tried to arrest her in the streets of Springfield, Mass. Butler was mobbed and badly beaten up.

Butler not only knew many evils, but was well known in every populous centre in America on account of the numerous clients whom he served. He was a little, gray haired, gray-moustached man, but in spite of his slender form had great powers of endurance, and in some of his case performed almost unbelievable feats of endurance in pursuing men and evidence.

It was Butler who really discovered the Gainsborough painting of the Duchess of Lennox, although it was not for many years after it was found that his name was ever associated with the case—Toronto Mail and Empire.

**Hill's Personal Interest in
the Great Northern
Remains as Keen as ever.**

It must have been with no small pride that James J. Hill penned his valedictory to the officials of the Great Northern railway which concluded as follows:

Not lightly may the relation between a man and the work in which he has had a vital part be set aside. My personal interest in the Great Northern remains as keen as ever. The financial interest of myself and family in it is larger now than it ever was at any time in the past, and any change would more probably increase than diminish it. While I shall be no longer the responsible head of the Great Northern, I will contribute hence forth such counsel and advice as may seem best from one no longer holding the throttle valve or controlling the brake.

Most men who have really lived have had, in some shape, their great adventure. This railway is mine. I feel that a labor and a service so called into being, touching at so many points the lives of so many millions, with its ability to serve the country, and its firmly established credit and reputation, will be the best evidence of its permanent value and that it no longer depends upon the life or labor of any single individual.

VOTE FOR



Frank McQueen
FOR ALDERMAN

and you cast
a vote for :

**Progress, Economy
and Good Clean
Government**

MAGRATH

The Progressive Mayoralty
Candidate for 1913

W. J. MAGRATH PLATFORM

COMPREHENSIVE DOCUMENT DEALS WITH ALL
QUESTIONS OF IMMEDIATE INTEREST

"I pledge myself to give the people an honest, economical and efficient business-like administration, such as is justified in the people's attitude in this respect, and I further pledge myself to protect the interests of the people by giving them a hundred cents' worth of work for every dollar expended.

"I am heartily in favor of a systematic plan of civic improvements and utility extensions, designed to meet the necessities of this community for years to come. I think that a permanent and complete street railway plan should be a skeleton or framework made by looping up the present lines and new coupled roads added as the population warrants. We extend our water, sewer and light lines upon a basis of population absolutely. I can see no reason why the city should not adopt a policy making the same thing applicable to the street railway.

"I believe in employing as heads of the various departments men of long experience and thorough training, and in bringing the scattered workers into touch with each other through frequent conferences.

"I am in favor of a fair wage clause which will work and which will be binding upon every contractor who does work for the city and every department of the city's affairs. I am also in favor of the eight-hour day where the employees themselves have demonstrated their desire for it by demanding it from other employers than the city.

"I would eliminate prejudice and partisanship from the consideration of all public utilities, and place all these services squarely upon their merits. I would have business-like dealings between the people and the public service departments.

"I believe that the city's prosperity, growth and progress rests largely upon the success of its public utilities, and with that in view I am in favor of their improvement and betterment and extension to where they are required, and where they will be needed to increase the permanent payroll of Edmonton.

"Our industrial needs should receive the fullest consideration. Edmonton has the basic elements for successful manufacturing enterprises and a combination of facilities for maximum production and distribution at a minimum cost. Our natural resources are immense; Edmonton could be, and should be, made a converting as well as a converging point.

"A great deal has been heard in previous elections about the gas business, but we are apparently no nearer a solution than ever. The city, of course, can not afford to even to consider a franchise proposition, and I am of the opinion that it cannot afford to consider a proposition to buy gas at the city limits. Calgary has already discovered the unworkableness of any kind of a deal with a private company. Nevertheless, we must have gas, but I do not think the city would be justified in undertaking the risks of exploratory work. It seems to me that the rational solution would be for the city to offer a fixed amount, say \$100,000, to any driller who discovers natural gas in sufficient quantities within a five-mile radius and who will give the city the benefit of his discovery.

"I am a firm believer in giving encouragement to the outside dollar. If we are going to develop Edmonton and build up the vast tributary country we must look to the men with capital. The development dollar is the biggest factor in the progress of prosperity of this or any other city.

"My plan is to do everything in the most dignified and business-like manner to bring our city and its advantages to the favorable attention of men who are seeking opportunities for legitimate investments, encouraging large and small manufacturers to convert abundant raw materials into finished products thereby giving employment to labor at reasonable wages.

"I am not in the slightest way connected with any outside corporations and am, therefore, perfectly free to act in the city's interest to enforce the regulation of the railroads so that the service they render may be adequate and given at a reasonable cost, but I am unalterably opposed to financial legislation. There is no intention to give the railroads more than their just dues. We cannot do without them, and they must proceed to give satisfactory service and to make improvements and extensions. Inadequate service is detrimental not only to the shipper, but also to the producer, which finally means the working man, whose labor must find a market.

"A thorough study of our civic needs has led to the conclusion that improvements and betterments and extensions are imperative. If Edmonton is to grow, I am in favor of the following improvements to be made as rapidly as is consistent with first-class work:

Adequate street railway service to meet the requirements of the people in all parts of the city.

Street paving, curbing and boulevarding.

Improved telephone service to meet with our requirements.

Development of power for manufacturing purposes.

Sewerage system, extensions and improvements to meet the requirements of our growing city.

Wholesome water supply, not for next year alone, but for years to come.

Keeping on hand a reasonable supply of materials for civic improvements, so the work may continue without interruption during the building season.

A better lighting system, not only in the business districts, but also throughout the city.

"I am also in favor of the establishment of a public auditorium, a public market on modern lines and the improvement and extension of our parks, playgrounds and parking system.

"I would strive to make the fire and police departments the best and most efficient in the Dominion of Canada.

"I am in favor of creating a housing and sanitation department and working out a plan by the department of health which will facilitate the prevention of disease by removing the causes.

"I am in favor of assisting the hospitals to the extent of increasing their efficiency.

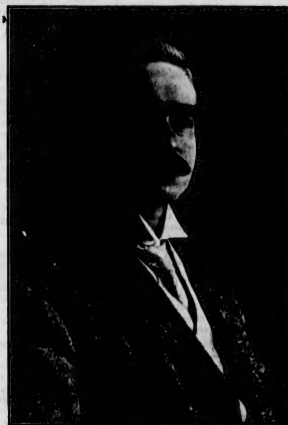
"I am in favor of a thoroughly organized inspection department, working without fear or favor in the enforcement of our laws.

"I am in favor of the enactment of new laws whenever it is found that the existing by-laws and regulations are inadequate or inefficient, but above all I believe in the strict enforcement of the laws.

"I am in favor of the 'city beautiful' idea, which means a clean, wholesome, healthy city; a city that is worth while to the resident as well as to the visitor; a city of which the province of Alberta and the Dominion of Canada may be reasonably proud because of its enterprise and progress and its self-respect.

"The civic affairs of Edmonton are big in their ramifications. The municipality as a whole may be compared with a large business. Both require managers of keen business insight, training and experience, and competent department heads.

"The growth and prosperity of the city of Edmonton concerns the interest, the happiness and the welfare of every man and woman and child within its boundaries. In seeking the suffrage of the electors of Edmonton, I ask their support for policies that means good business and for sale and sane government."



Announces a complete List of Meetings for
Tonight and next week:

TONIGHT (SATURDAY), NOV. 30th, Separate School Hall, Third Street

MONDAY, DEC. 2nd, Riverdale School House

TUESDAY, DEC. 3rd, Mr. Magrath will address the South Side Committees

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 4th, to be arranged

THURSDAY, DEC. 5th, Royal Hall, Kinistino Ave.

FRIDAY, DEC. 6th, Oddfellows' Hall, Norwood

SATURDAY, DEC. 7th, Grand Final Rallies, in Bijou Theatre, First Street, and Ross Hall, South Side

The Public and Aldermanic Candidates are cordially invited

Fair Play AND A Square Deal